

Royce Da 5'9" f/ Canibus & Elzhi

"Royal Flush Freestyle"

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[Intro] [Royce talking] Yeah, Bar Exam 2 nigga. It's a motherfuckin' holiday bitches [Verse One] [Canibus] Bar Exam 2 I landslide you to lava below Gotta stance nigga flow How bars? How far can you go? Only as far as the mind Canibus and Royce 5'9" Bar Exam 2, spit a rhyme A miniature version of me, told me he wanted to MC I told him, "Be careful who you be." He said, "I'ma just be me." I said, "Yeah, I see. But you don't understand what I really mean." Look at the manifest list It got my name down A bald head for the cool crown How you like me now? I terrorize rap music What manner of creature could do this? Canibus stupid Retarded, autistic artists You click, perfects target Staff Sargent Canibus talkin' I would not let off the gas Traverse it through San Stone's past The Ripper spills whiskey from a flask [Verse Two] [Elzhi] I toked green, blowin' out smoke screens Poke queens, leave them with soaked jeans You're the definition of what "joke" mean I'm star status Like glowin' lights throughout the far stratos- -Phere, it's clear who repertoire that is Pursue whites and fuck a shoe price My cheese outgrew mice I'm too nice, cut through slice, I'm seein' you twice The lead pacer Been makin' moves like Speed Racer Indeed tracin' line that fucks with your mind like a weed lacer Try and boast, ain't lyin' close, so what I diagnose I could fry and roast any guy till they applyin' ghost Pee on peons beyond eons Till there's neon Klingons Close encounter of the three kinds You may fall, I'm AWOL, my heaters will spray y'all And put you in a hole like Robert Peter to pay Paul I could give a fuck Got a flow to leave a river stuck You hear deep it lines ? ? ? ? [Verse Three] [Royce Da 5'9"] Osama McCain, you climb in this ring Rhymin' with Obama the king End up on the bottom of the things Living inside of ominous springs I'm in a dream I spit the only kind of sickness that vomiting brings That means I'm ill sick And plus I'm real bitch I should've played Hancock instead of Will Smith Cos I'm drunk and flyer I'm the super hero minus all the chump attire and I bleed hardly tell your idol his times up and he's barbe-cue every rhyme lined up like Steve Harvey's do

from the pies to the brick man niggas couldn't follow in
my steps 'less I died in some quick sand so come and
see a nigga burn a show and give me a hand before I
give you the fist like a germaphobe and you probably
too scary to scuffle if you ain't hit a nigga before you
buried your knuckles I got a hundred round drum I
shoot the first thirty to kill everybody that trash your
hook up category blast the butcher empty the clip just
to make that 70 show like ashton kutcher nigga you at
war with sharks the government team will leave you
airless/heirless like jordan sparks or a motherless
queen we put it on y'all, tape a niggas phone call sell it
to the net for a phone card then use it to phone y'all
mommies I throw you niggas a bone and then I bury the
drama in a bone yard the flow's in prime I got more
plastic on me than all of hugh heffner's hoes combined
my niggas got GT's and shit, yeah I know mini coopers
while you niggas rolling around in the mini coopers I'm
the shit for real, y'all niggas mini poopers drunk,
wildin, commitin vodka and henny bloopers who could
give a nigga the snoop foot stretch him out on the floor
like the Manut look you shook, nigga I'm like the crew
cook I put a price on the whip and I'm like the blue book
with an appetite for destruction with the greed stigma
explains my past and adds to my enigma if it's digital
or analog Bar Exam 2 is the present, the distributor is
Santa Claus

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